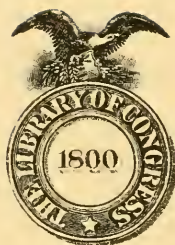


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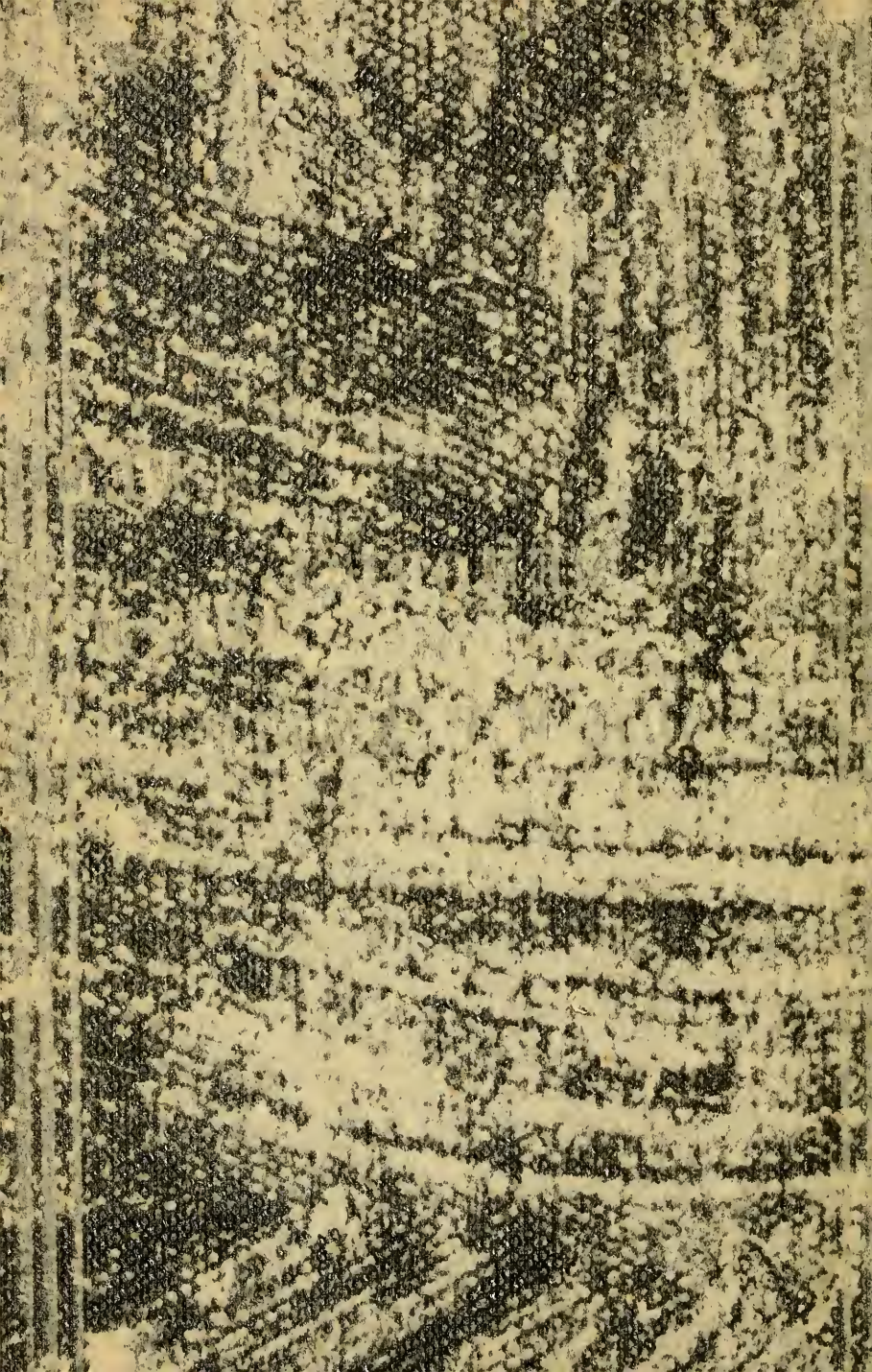




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MEMORIAL
OF
ADJT M.W. SMITH.



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4964.



Your aff son,

Myron W Smith.

A

Tribute

TO A

BELOVED

Son and Brother.

Obituary.

DIED, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., on Wednesday, the 5th of October, 1864, 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant MYRON W. SMITH, of the 1st Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 18th Army Corps, of a wound through the chest by a sharp-shooter, after the repulse of the rebels at Fort Harrison, Chapin's Farm, near Richmond, on the 30th of September—aged 26 years and 11 days.

Adjutant SMITH was the youngest son of Dr. Lyndon A. and Mrs. Frances Louisa Smith, grand-son of the late Rev. Ethan Smith, and the Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D. D., and great grand-son of the Rev. David Sanford, and the Rev. Joseph Huntington, D. D. They were all distinguished in their day, and bear honorable mention in Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit.

He was born in Newark, N. J.; graduated at Rutgers College, 1858; a member of the Bar of New Jersey, 1861; entered the Army, June 1863.

On Wednesday, the 12th of October, his funeral was attended in the 1st Presbyterian Church, Newark, by invitation of the Board of Trustees. The coffin, covered with crosses and wreaths of the most fragrant and beautiful flowers, and crowned with laurel, the offerings of beloved young friends, and draped in the flag of his country, in defence of which he had offered up his life, was borne from his father's residence by his friends—

FREDERICK F. MERCER,

MAJOR D. A. RYERSON,

JOSEPH E. TRIPPE,

WILLIAM VANDERPOOL,

JOSEPH S. HALSEY,

DAVID D. DUNCAN,

HENRY YOUNG,

SEARGENT P. STEARNS.

And was followed by members of the Clerical, Legal and Medical professions, as well as his family and intimate friends. It was placed before the altar whence had been already borne to the grave two generations of his family, his mother, and venerated grand-father, who 60 years before had occupied the pulpit as pastor. The services were commenced by the choir with a very appropriate selection—"Cast thy burden on the Lord." The 90th Psalm and part of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians were read by Rev. Dr. Abeel. A sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Stearns. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Few Smith. The hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," was then sung by the choir, and the benediction pronounced.

After these exercises, his remains were taken to the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, on the beautiful banks of the Passaic, and there deposited by the side of those of his family "who had gone before."

"Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou died'st to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic page,
And grave thy name immortal."

A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the death of the
late Adj't MYRON W. SMITH ; by Rev. J. F. Stearns, D.D.,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Newark, New
Jersey, Oct. 12, 1864.

Sermon.

LAM. IV : 2.—The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen vessels, the work of the hands of the potter ?

Here is the lesson of the hour—the lesson of God's mysterious, but most wise and holy providence. The words of the prophet give voice to the scene before us ; and, having uttered them out of the scriptures, I would gladly be silent and let the solemn occasion speak for itself. How little do we ordinarily understand either the position which we really occupy, or the conditions on which we have our hold upon life ! There is an “ age of man,” and we expect, with no small confidence, to attain it. But how few do attain it ! How many fail ! Strange, that God, who is infinitely wise, should sweep away, in mid-summer, not only the encumbering refuse of the garden, but the strong choice plants that are the promise of the autumn ! That He should even destroy and cast aside His own best works, seems to us not the part of a wise master-workman. Yet so it is—at least so far as earthly uses and temporary appearances are concerned.

“The precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold !” How aptly does the beautiful metaphor express the estimate

in which a discerning community holds its worthy young men! I do not disparage the old. Their rich experience, their mellow virtues, their works and struggles accomplished, their strong, wide, silent influence, their expectant waiting, it is not easy to over-estimate their value. What sublimer spectacle can earth show, than that of aged Paul, shouting, as he stands on the verge of Heaven, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness!" But, in prizing the old, we need not, and, if we are wise, shall not abate one particle from our estimate of the peculiar value of the young. The old man who gets out of sympathy with them stops the fountain of his own strength. The community which regards them chiefly in the light of their faults, and so obstructs their influence and discourages their efforts, puts a brake upon its own progress. They have their faults, no doubt, faults peculiar to their class, which a wise and thoughtful experience ought to help them weed out with a tender but faithful hand, but not so aggravated after all, or so injurious, as old misanthropy would sometimes have us believe. It is not the tree dead at the root that most needs pruning. It is the exuberant growth, which, by wise culture, may be turned from useless wood into fruitage.

In the young is to be found, ordinarily, all the improvable capacity of the community. The middle and the aged class have fixed the substance of their characters. But the young are, by their natural impulses, reaching forth after something not attained. They act with reference to an ideal. If rightly

informed and principled, they reach with irrepressible endeavor after something higher and better than the present. And what an advantage does their early morning hour, as well as supple limbs, give them in the race!

In the young is to be found chiefly the impelling force of the age. Old men are apt to come to a stand. They have panted up the hill and their weary limbs seem to need rest. They would enjoy, rather than acquire. But the young are fresh. Action and effort are their luxury. In the battles of life, in its enterprises, in its daring adventures, it is their dauntless courage and unwearying vigor that must wield the sword and work the engines of the Nation's and the Church's achievements.

Nor is their influence, as a class, in shaping the character and determining the destinies of the community, to be overlooked or undervalued. Young men do more to educate each other, than either fathers or tutors do to educate them. We may regret it. I do not; for where the influence is good, and, thank God it is, where the companionship is wisely chosen, it is of inestimable benefit. And methinks the function is as beautiful and noble as it is powerful—this of young brotherhood, where each emulates and so quickens the other, and each lends the other a helping hand as they push their eager way onward and upward. Nor is the influence without its power, on those whose task seems to be rather to mould than be moulded. We, fathers, are all modified by our children, and, under the heavy burden of accumulating cares, how soon should we grow weary, not of action only, but of

hope itself, did not the buoyancy and ardor of the young around us reinforce our fainting spirits, as well as make up for our growing deficiencies.

It is not necessary to make what might seem invidious comparisons. I know the young could not flourish and do their best without the influence of the old. But neither could the old without that of the young. And, looking either to the present or the future, either to action or influence, there is no class more to be valued or on whom the interests of the community, whether in Church or State, more vitally depend, than that of right-minded, rightly-instructed, virtuous and religious young men. Who are to fight the battles of their country in the day of her peril, who man the posts of influence from which so many are falling, who sustain dying faith in the land, who go to the ends of the earth for the conversion of the heathen, who support and cheer old hearts, when the grasshopper shall become a burden, and desire shall fail, if the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, are to be dashed like earthen vessels, the work of the hands of the potter?

And here the mystery, of which we have spoken already, asks an effort for its solution. We cannot solve it wholly; but, following the instructions of God's word, we can in part. I shall suggest, on the present occasion, only one or two obvious considerations.

In the first place, the case falls naturally into the line of all God's providential gifts. He gives, not that we may trust in the things given, but to remind us of our obligations to Him-

self. And when giving fails, He pursues the same end by taking away. He will have us know that He is not dependent upon instruments. As an old writer has beautifully said: "'Tis a piece of divine royalty and magnificence, that when He has prepared and polished such a utensil, so as to be capable of great service, He can lay it aside without loss." We are apt, on the contrary, to rely too much on the instrument. Therefore is our "strong staff broken and our beautiful rod."

We must understand, likewise, that, in the use of its instruments, infinite wisdom is not confined to one method. We think chiefly of what men may do by their direct efforts. But God can sometimes make them instrumental of still greater good, by putting a period to their ability for such efforts. It often happens that an early death is more fruitful of benefits to a wide circle than a protracted life. It sets a seal on all that has been before done or attained. It draws attention towards it, and so impresses it, as an example, on the minds of many. Longer life would have dimmed, not the real excellence, perhaps, but the attractive appearance of many estimable traits. And early death, where it is attended with cheerful resignation to the will of God and bright hopes of Heaven, not only gives to piety a peculiar charm, but raises in many a youthful heart the aspiration, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." Even the sorrow that attends the loss has, in such cases, a most penetrating influence. It hastens the mourner, and calls the heart that would have satisfied itself with the interests of the world, to "set its affection on things above."

Nor must we look too exclusively at the earthly side, if we would judge correctly of the reasons of such occurrences. God has other spheres of service in which to employ the gifts and attainments of His people. We say, how strange that one so fitted to be useful, should be so soon taken away! But we should ask what he is taken *to*, as well as what he is taken *from*. God has a use, no doubt, in the ranks above, for persons of all ages, as well as all varieties of worthy character. In the great anthem of the blessed, there is a part for little children's voices which none else can sing. There is a part for youths, for young men and young women, for old men and for matrons. He takes them from us here, because He has a place for them in the holy ranks there. And it is His own wisdom that must determine what their particular place is, and when they are fitted for and needed in it. You take your child from school when he is fitted for college, and from the seminaries of instruction when he is ready for an active part in the world. It is very natural and none murmur, when the young officer, having acquitted himself nobly in his company, is promoted to a command in the regiment. The company loses his particular services, but the regiment gains them. And when earth loses only what Heaven gains, ought we to think it so mysterious, after all, that the wisdom of God orders the transfer?

Nor is the Heavenly sphere, to which He transfers His people, one of service only, but of consummation. It is the end to which they are all reaching forth in their desires and hopes. This world is only preparatory. One of its chief

ends, in the case of the individual soul, is discipline. And both the discipline and the preparation are of God's determining. Some need more, in order to effect His purposes, and some less. But why should any be detained here, when the requirements of those purposes are completed? If they have done their work, if they have gone through their allotted trials, why not now go home and enjoy the reward? To wish to detain them merely for earth's sake, when all Heaven waits to welcome them with the shout, "well done good and faithful," would be an unworthy selfishness.

It is Heaven, my friends; it is immortality; it is the high and holy destinies of the soul, that give us the true key to this mystery of Divine providence. If the poor shattered fragments, as of the potter's vessel, were all that is left, we might well sigh at the breaking of the once beautiful golden bowl. But it is broken only that it may be recast, a vessel of honor, and for nobler uses, at the banquet of the King of Kings.

I take comfort in such reflections as these, when I look upon scenes such as that now before me. All over our afflicted land, the noblest, purest and most accomplished of our young men—the tenderly nurtured, the carefully educated, the hope not only of fond parents, but of the nation and of the Church, are giving up their precious lives on the battle field, in the hospital, and in distant lonely imprisonment. The widow's only stay, the young wife's faithful protector, the sister's pride, the old man's only staff, how cheerfully have they been yielded up, even to the breaking of heart strings! Old Abraham's

faith in God has been symbolized in this patriotic devotion; and, to many a stricken father and mother, might the bleeding land testify: "Now I know that thou art true and loyal, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." And what is the result? Are they lost? Have their precious lives been cast away in the very blossom of their promise? Oh no, no. They have done more by their dying, ten-fold, than they could ever have done by their living. And if Christians, as well as heroes and self-devoting lovers of their country, the crown of the good soldier of the cross has only the sooner rewarded their fidelity, and the broad fruitful lands, and thronged cities of the heavenly country, afford them an ampler field for service and the promise of more rapid and honorable promotion.

I look down upon those seats immediately before me, and "mine eye affecteth my heart." For I miss there two as noble, pure-minded, generous-spirited, manly-hearted young men as the land can boast of. They were not far from the same age, worshippers in the same congregation, members of the same bar, companions in the same social circles. And it is a touching circumstance, that, during the same week, the remains of both have been brought back here from their distant bloody beds, on their way to their final burial. One has been sleeping, indeed, now for more than two years in his quiet grave far up the bloody valley of the Shenandoah, among the mountains of revolted Virginia. But the name and memory of the gallant HAINES* is enshrined in

* Capt. Thos. R. Haines, 1st N. J. Cavalry, son of Hon. Daniel Haines, fell at Harrisonburg, Va., June 6th, 1862.

our hearts, and will not, cannot be forgotten. The other fell suddenly at his post of duty by a treacherous shot, with all the honors of victory fresh upon him, and is here before us waiting for the soldier's and the Christian's burial.

I need not spend much time in detailing the history of the gallant young Adjutant, for you all knew him and have been familiar with his ways and character from his earliest childhood. He was born on the 24th of September, 1838, and graduated with honor at Rutgers College in the summer of 1858. After leaving College, he commenced and completed the study of the law in the office of Joseph P. Bradley, Esq., of this city, and was admitted to the bar in 1861.

Anxious to be employed in some useful way, in the service of the country, he offered himself, in the summer of 1862, to the Surgeon-General of the United States, to take care of the sick and wounded on transports, and being accepted, acted without fee or reward, except quarters and a single ration a day. But his brave young heart panted for more vigorous and heroic employment. An older brother* was already in the service, on a distant coast, and only the soldier's post of peril could satisfy either his generous ambition or his sense of duty.

Already, at the very beginning of the war, he had sought a position in the Marine Corps, but could not obtain it. He now sought and obtained from the Executive of New Jersey a commission as Second Lieutenant in Company I, 4th Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and was ordered to report to General

* Dr. E. D. G. Smith, Surgeon in the U. S. Navy.

Torbert, in Virginia. But unexpected obstacles were in his way, and, with great reluctance, he resigned his commission. This was a period of great trial and discouragement to his manly spirit, but he bore it nobly. Unwilling to remain unoccupied, he volunteered his services for the time being to the Public Aid Committee, in whose office he was employed several hours in a day, and between July 22d, 1862, and January 2d, 1863, made out 211 claims for bounties and back pay for widows, orphans, mothers and discharged soldiers—and all without fee or reward.

In the month of April, 1863, he applied for a commission in the United States colored troops, then being raised; and, after a thorough examination by the Board at Washington, was commissioned First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 1st Regiment, United States colored troops, in which post he has been on active duty, with the exception of a twenty days' furlough, till the time of his death. During this time, he has been on duty in North Carolina twice, and subsequently in Virginia, where his Regiment was ordered up the James River with General Butler's Division.

Four times during his period of service he has been in perilous actions. The first was at Wilson's Landing, where, during a hot engagement, he was sent down the river to carry a message to a gun-boat, in order to prevent the enemy from making a flank movement, which they were then attempting. An eye-witness says: "If the Adjutant had not had a charmed life, he could not have escaped, as the river all around the boat was spotted by the balls of the

sharp-shooters on the shore." The second was an unsuccessful attack on the enemy's works, near Petersburg, June 9th, 1864, which was made to divert the enemy's attention from Kautz's movements on the Weldon Railroad. In reference to this attack he writes: "I have great cause of thankfulness that I escaped death or wounds." The third was on the 15th of June, when an attack was made on the enemy's works, and they were taken after a severe engagement. In this action he narrowly escaped death by the fall of a tree cut off by a shell just above his head, and where an eye witness testifies thus to his gallant bearing: "I saw the Adjutant, now acting as Assistant Adjutant-General, riding from one part of the line to the other, amidst a perfect hail storm of shot and shell, carrying dispatches from the Commandant, and we all thought he could not escape." The account which he himself gives of this battle is modest but stirring, and closes with the simple prayer, "May God help me to devote the life which He has spared to His service."

His last engagement, as we well know, was the immediate precursor of his lamented fall.

I shall make no attempt to sketch his character, though it stands before me, vivid and complete, from the day when I first saw him, a beautiful boy of ten years, the pet of his family and acquaintances, and the darling of an accomplished mother, whose chief care was that her children, already consecrated to God in Baptism, should learn to know and serve early the God of their fathers.

I shall detain you only to bring to your view a few facts

concerning his religious history and position. We have not his name enrolled as a member in full communion of the visible Church, though he was a member by baptism. And, in view of this, we cannot but feel painful regrets. It would be so sweet now to point back to that solemn open self-consecration. But, that he was a member of the Church invisible, and of the Church visible, *in purpose*, we have the amplest and the sweetest assurance. MYRON was always a serious-minded, thoughtful boy, and thought and felt much concerning his eternal interests, though exceedingly reserved by nature. My recollection brings back to me many an early interview, sought by himself; and his image is before me at this moment, sitting with earnest eyes, as I talked with him, striving at times to draw him out, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, and not one word except in reply to the directest questions. I do not mean that he was always so silent, but such was his nature. A few weeks before he obtained his commission, I spent an hour or so with him, in the little library consecrated both in his memory and mine by very affecting associations, and found him more free in the expression of his views and experiences than I had ever known him before. I have reason to believe, that, for a long time, he had been indulging what he believed to be a Christian hope, but his heart was quickened by the affecting death of his friend HAINES, and again still more, after he left home, amidst the perils of the army and the hospital. It was his purpose, even then, to take the earliest opportunity to profess openly his faith; a purpose only delayed by his entrance, a few weeks after, upon his service in the army.

One or two extracts from his letters, bearing upon this point, and serving to show the spirit of his army life, I cannot forbear to recite :

“SEPTEMBER 10, 1863, CAMP NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

“While in hospital, I determined, God helping me, to walk in His fear and serve Him all the rest of my life. I wanted to go home and be with you to-day at communion ; but it was impossible. However, pray for me that I may live a godly life, and be permitted, *some time*, to sit with you at the Lord’s table. I hope and *believe*, that the prayers which have been offered up for me by pious relatives and friends, some of whom are now in Heaven, have *been answered*, and that I *am a Christian*. Pray for me, that my faith fail not.”

“NEAR PORTSMOUTH, DECEMBER 6, 1863.

“To-day, I suppose, was your communion. You have doubtless thought of me, and I have thought of you. You have doubtless prayed God for me, that He would sanctify me, and allow me to join with you in eating the Lord’s Supper *here on earth*, and, if not here, at least to join in the great supper in Heaven. *Amen*. May God bless me and make me *wholly* His. May He shew me what His will is, and give me grace to do it. Pray for me, *very often*, that I fall not into temptation and grieve the Holy Spirit, who, thanks be to God, has not yet withdrawn all His influence, though I have so greatly provoked Him.”

I have reason to believe these were the sentiments and prayers which went with him all through his perilous service. Such passages as the following occur more than once, in his hastiest correspondence : “We are going on an expedition. May God protect me from harm ; but if anything should happen, may He receive me to His Heavenly Kingdom.” “I pray God to have me in His holy keeping, protect me from

danger and death, give me courage in the hour of battle, but above all, to accept me through Jesus Christ and grant me His salvation. *Pray for me.*"

You all know, I presume, the circumstances of his death. It was after the battle was *over* and the victory *won*, that a ball from a guerrilla sharp-shooter passed quite through his chest, piercing the lungs. But he did not die suddenly. I wish I had time to detail to you his most affecting dying interview with his father, who, with parental haste, hearing of his serious wound, was enabled to be at his bed-side while yet reason and consciousness were in full possession. Tender and very affecting to friends were the tokens of his filial and fraternal affection, strong always, but strongest of all in the dying hour. When asked how his mind was he replied, "Perfectly calm." "Is Christ precious to you?" "I love the Saviour and have given myself to him." "A little while before his departure," says his father, in a short sketch drawn up to preserve the memories of the hour, "being anxious to know certainly whether he fully realized his situation, I said, 'do you know and realize, that your wound is mortal, and that death is near?' Without any perceptible emotion, and sweetly looking at me, he answered, 'Is it? Does the Doctor say so?' I said yes, and your father thinks so. 'How long can I live?' At most but a few hours—it may be less. He calmly remarked, 'I thought the wound was mortal, but I did not expect to die so soon! I am so glad you have come; I should not have died happy without seeing you.' I said, you have been a very precious son; you never gave me a pang by any misconduct.

I had hoped you would close my eyes and settle my worldly affairs. With a most angelic smile he said, 'I thank you, I thank you. I have endeavored to do my duty to you. When I entered a fight, I prayed God to give me courage, and He did and enabled me to do my whole duty. I had bright prospects, but I gave myself to my country and to Christ my Redeemer. I die in a glorious cause, and have no regrets!' From this time he failed fast, and half an hour before he ceased to breathe became pulseless, but conscious to the last, as evinced by gentle pressure of my hand in reply to the questions, Do you know me? Is Christ precious? At a quarter to four, he rolled up his beautiful and expressive eyes toward that Heaven to which his spirit was about to take its flight, and with a slight quiver of the muscles, ceased to breathe."

The Chaplain of the hospital, who had previous interviews, confirms this affecting testimony in the fullest manner. "Adjutant," said he, "do you throw yourself entirely upon the merits of Christ? Do you ground your hopes on the mereies of Jesus?" "O yes. I love the Saviour. My whole confidence and trust is in Jesus Christ." "His eyes brightened," says the Chaplain, "as he looked up and spoke thus of his hopes of eternal life."

Thus passed away one whom parental love and pastoral solicitude have long watched over with the tenderest and most hopeful interest. The prayers of many Christian friends, of faithful Sabbath-school teachers, of his mother's pious associates, who did not remit their maternal care for her children,

when her aid and counsels were no longer enjoyed in their monthly meetings, the prayers of the Church and the promises of the covenant have not been forgotten either in the life or the death of this young Christian disciple. Be thankful, mourning relatives, that the God of *your* sainted ancestors and *his* did not forsake him. Be thankful that he was enabled to perform so heroic and worthy a service for his bleeding country, and leaves behind so comforting a testimony of his fitness for and reception into the happy, peaceful rest that remaineth for the people of God. Be thankful, and, with grateful acknowledgments as well as Christian resignation, rest your bereaved hearts trustfully in the love and sympathy of Jesus.

The cause of an imperilled country is sanctified afresh by such sacrifices as these. It is a cause eminently worthy of self-sacrifice in which our young hero has fallen. So he felt it to be, as the words he quoted from a classic author, on hearing of the fall of another brave young officer well known among us—the gallant and much lamented ZABRISKIE—sufficiently testify:

“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*”

“Sweet and seemly it is to die for one’s country.”*

Never, in all the history of the nations, was there a grander, worthier, juster or more urgent struggle, than that in which

* There is a slight inaccuracy in the above allusion. The line quoted from Horace on the occasion referred to, was the first of Ode 30, B. III—“*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*” The other occurs in a letter dated on board the steamer Mary Washington, Aug. 4th, 1863, as his regiment was just starting on an expedition. “If any thing happens to me, it will be a consolation to know that I died in a good cause. ‘*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*’”

our poor agitated country has now for three years and a half been battling with the foes of her life. May God help us to sustain and finish it; that the blood of our best and bravest not fall to the ground fruitless of its aim. Young men of America, shrink not, falter not, waver not even for a moment. That confined form, wrapped round with that beautiful and most meaning pall, speaks trumpet-tongued: "Waver not." Withhold not sympathy, exertion, influence, treasure or blood, till the end, for which sacrifices so many and costly have been made, be fully attained.

I will ask your indulgence, my friends, for only a word more. God is calling upon us all to-day to consecrate ourselves anew wholly to Him. Life is rapidly passing. Eternity, with all its solemn realities, is just at hand. Young men, the removal of your associates in life summons you to enter with new zeal and holier resolution on the service assigned you. "Life is real, life is earnest." Death too is real, death is earnest. And I hear a voice out of the unseen world saying to you and me and all of us yet lingering through God's preserving goodness on these earthly shores—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Who knows where we shall be ere we meet again? Youthful vigor and buoyancy are no security. Manly courage and strength are no security. The wishes of friends and an admiring and expectant community are no security. The lesson of the hour, as I have said, is in the words of my text, "The precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold"—yes, the bravest and the worthiest specimens of youthful manhood, the country's hope,

the Church's confidence—"how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter." But there is another expression of it which may serve to inspire hope and assurance, as well as warning. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

Letters.

FROM COL. HOLMAN.

HEAD QUARTERS, 1st Brig., 3d Division,
18th Army Corps, Oct. 10th, 1864. }

DR. L. A. SMITH,

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 5th inst. informing me of the death of my dear Adjutant, came to hand last evening. I was prepared to hear the sad news, being well convinced at the time he was wounded, he could not long survive.

I am glad you was with him during his last moments, as it must have been a great consolation to you both.

I can truly sympathize with you for the loss of your dear son. He was very dear to me as a friend and companion, and during our intercourse the best of feeling always existed between us. He was an honest and true soldier; his ability was much above the average of officers in his position, and it was but a short time since *he was recommended for promotion.* * * * * *

On the 28th of September we received marching orders, and left our camp, at Harrison's Landing, for Deep Bottom. The Adjutant was not well, and upon landing, during the night, at my request, he remained with the ambulance, while I went forward with the command to battle. On the evening of the 29th he came forward and communicated with me and remained near the front during the night.

I was in Fort Harrison, with my Brigade, fortifying the rear of the Fort. At 10 A. M. on the 30th I was relieved in the Fort by General Stannard, and took up position on the right of the Fort, between the 18th and 10th corps, and, after doing some work on the rebel rifle pits we then occupied, I went to look after my ambulance and sign the morning reports. The Adjutant was much better than the day previous, but I requested him to stay in charge of the books and to take care of himself. I returned to the front, and prepared to lie down for a little

rest. It was now about half-past twelve or one o'clock, P. M. The rebels opened their artillery upon us, and I soon became aware that they were advancing upon my left. Just at this moment, who should appear by my side, but my dear Adjutant, who had faced the terrible fire, to come to me! Upon my seeing him, he remarked, "Colonel, I thought I might be of some help to you, and I came up." I moved to the left, and he followed me. I cautioned him to keep down behind the bank, and shortly a rifle ball passed through his blouse. I then cautioned him again to keep well down, as he could do no good by exposing himself.

The rebel assault came against the Fort, and under our fire, they were driven back. Again they came with still greater fury, and again they were repulsed. The great assault had failed, but the rebel sharp-shooters still kept up a fire upon our works. At this time I received orders to change position with my Brigade, and with your son was passing along behind the works, going to the right of the column, giving the necessary orders to the commanding officers of regiments as we passed. Myron, at this moment, was passing a point where the work was very low, he being in the advance, and I cautioned him to keep well down; he replied he would. Just at this moment he exposed himself, and said to me "I am shot!" I helped him upon the ground, when he said to me "I am killed! I shall die! Write to my father!" I made arrangements to have him cared for, in order that all might be done for him possible, and having but a few moments, and believing the wound mortal, and that he would soon expire, I bade him a final farewell! When I heard that he had arrived at the Hospital at Fort Monroe, I had a faint hope he might recover. * * * I had sent Chaplain Turner of the 1st to look him up the day before your letter arrived, but had not heard from him.

His diary cannot be found about the desk. It is possible it may be in his trunk. If it was upon him when he was wounded, it is probably lost. I hope it may be found, as it will be of great interest to you.

I thank you for the kind wishes you express in my behalf; and on account of my family, I hope my life may be spared; but if it pleases God to take me away, I hope I may meet my dear Adjutant in Heaven.

I am truly your obedient servant,

JOHN H. HOLMAN,

Col. Commanding.

FROM REV. JAMES MARSHALL.

CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL, {
October 6th, 1864. }

DR. L. A. SMITH,

MY DEAR SIR:

I wish I could give you the substance of my interviews with your son, A. A. A. Gen'l, 1st Brig., 3d Div., 18th Army Corps. Words are but a faint manifestation of the soul's experiences, when brought face to face with its Maker, by disease or wounds that are mortal. You may remember the last words and transfer them to paper, but you can give no conception of the expressions of a soul resigned to God's will, and waiting to go into the presence of the Saviour. Could this be done—could the soul-history of that noble young man thus be revealed, it would only deepen your assurance that he had done his life-work, that he had acted a noble part in this grand struggle for principle, and now was safe with his Redeemer in Heaven.

Although the Adjutant was in the Hospital a number of days, yet we never heard him murmur—always the same mild, calm, pleasant, resigned expression. I saw him a number of times, and although not communicative, yet his face was full of language that spoke earnestness, assurance of suffering in a just cause, and delighted with words of Christian experience. * * * * *

The Adjutant anxiously looked for his father, and spoke in most affectionate terms of his sister and friends. His heart was faithfully attached to his home, yet evidently exercised upon the realities of his Heavenly home.

Early in the morning, Oct. 5th, he sent for me. I found him resigned, but failing; I told him that our Heavenly Father worked mysteriously, to call home those whom He loved, and the only way was by faith in the merits of His son, Jesus Christ.

Adjutant, do you throw yourself entirely upon the merits of Christ? Do you ground your hope in the mercy of Jesus?

Oh! yes, I love the Saviour. My whole trust and confidence is in Jesus Christ.

His eyes brightened as he looked up and spoke thus of his hopes of eternal life. He desired me to pray with him, after which he seemed cheerfully resigned, and to realize fully that his stay was not long upon the earth. * * * * *

It is hard to lose a son, friend or brother, just beginning a life of promise. But God orders all things well. * * * He fell in a noble cause, and the Adjutant confessed it. He required *moral courage* to assume command of colored troops, and he modestly acknowledged it. His life expressed the fact. He is another of our noblest young heroes, whose blood will purify this nation, and make it strong, united and free, because just. His record will be treasured by his family, his city, his state, his whole country. * * * *

My dear sir, your son has only gone home a treasure in Heaven awaiting you; one more there, one less on earth. A dutiful son, having performed his whole duty to his country, wounded after he had fulfilled his mission, after the victory was won, and trusting in God's spirit to enable him to fully discharge the demand of his country, as well as to meet the claims of his God. Noble record! Be thankful.

* * * *

Most faithfully, your friend,

JAMES MARSHALL,

Chaplain U. S. A.,

Fort Monroe, Va.

FROM JOS. P. BRADLEY, LL.D.

NEWARK, November 19th, 1864.

DR. L. A. SMITH,

DEAR SIR:

As you are about to prepare a memorial of your son, LIEUT. MYRON W. SMITH, it affords me pleasure to add my testimony to his worth, and a slight tribute to his memory. It is eminently fitting to hold in honorable remembrance those who, from pure and noble motives, have sacrificed themselves for their country in this war. For, in some respects, it is a more imperative struggle on our part than was the revolutionary war itself. That was a war undertaken with the view of establishing a better government than we had before; the present is a war carried on for the preservation of the best government ever instituted; a government with whose success are identified the interests of free institutions throughout the world. To throw away such an inheritance after it is bequeathed to us, would be more base than it would have been to have endured a little longer the evils of British misrule. Those who appreciate the full importance of this struggle, and its probable bearing upon the future history of the continent for all time,

and who, actuated by the lofty motive of doing their part towards saving their beloved country and its institutions from hopeless ruin, offer life, with all its cherished prospects and hopes and tender attachments in the sacred cause, deserve not only our remembrance but our lasting gratitude. Such, I have good reason to know, was the motive which actuated your son. His professional aspirations, his prospects of future advancement in life, all the mellow coloring which youth and hope throw over the pictures of a long future,—friends, connections, family, position, honors,—things which others with spirits less lofty yet live to anticipate,—he waved aside, threw them all upon the altar of patriotism, and submitted himself to the chances of suffering and death for his country's sake. In taking this noble course, I believe he was actuated by a high sense of Christian duty; for we have the consolation of knowing that he had learned to refer the outgoings of life to the eye and will of his Divine master. He went forth under these motives, and he has made the great sacrifice which we are called upon to mourn.

I have often been troubled to understand the dispensation of Providence by which those who give every promise of future excellence and usefulness, are taken away in the spring time of life. Why is it? Can it, under any circumstances, be thought a happy and fortunate lot? Are not length of days in the practice of virtue and usefulness things to be desired? The heart is not always satisfied to be told that the young are taken away from the evil to come, or that their death has a salutary effect upon others. The only answer that silences debate, is, that such is the DIVINE WILL. Hence we know that it must be right, though we cannot see the reason for it.

May it not be that we look upon human life in a wrong aspect? After all, does its perfectness consist in length of days, and the completeness of the cycle of ages and relations,—childhood, youth, manhood, old age,—son, husband, father, citizen? Or, does it not rather consist in the beauty and symmetry of its character whilst it lasts? Does not the dutiful and conscientious boy at school perform the duty of life just as fully and perfectly as the minister of state in his cabinet. Each is only in a school of preparation for a higher state of existence.

Viewed in this light, is not the life of your son perfect and complete? What he had to do, did he not do it? Let no broken or imperfect column mark the place of his resting. His life was not long, but it was well spent. His task was honorably and completely performed.

I could not but deeply feel his death. Besides the friendly personal relations which had so long subsisted between our families, he had been identified with my professional business for several years, having entered

my office as a student at law in June, 1858, and continued therein until his admission to the bar in June, 1861. He also commenced the practice of law in the same office, and continued there until he entered the army. During all this period, he applied himself assiduously to his studies, and the duties of his profession, and for several months, in the latter portion of the time, gave his services gratuitously in advising and assisting, and drawing up the requisite papers to enable soldiers and their families to obtain their back pay, pensions, bounties and other claims upon the state and federal governments. These services were bestowed cheerfully, as a labor of love. It was an honorable, patriotic and generous act. He was fond of his profession, and would have attained distinction in it. He had a ready aptitude for business, a clear head, a great deal of accuracy and method, and unwearied perseverance; and, withal, great coolness and self-possession. In all our intercourse I do not remember a single instance, in which, as a student or lawyer, he ever failed to give entire satisfaction in the performance of his duties. It was always a pleasure to ask his assistance in any work to be done, he gave it so cheerfully and pleasantly.

But he is gone, and has added one more to the number of that gallant host of noble young men who have borne their voluntary testimony, in this war, to the value of free government, the truth of patriotism, and the hatefulness of rebellion and treason. I do not know a spectacle more beautiful or sublime, than that of a brave and virtuous young man, educated, intelligent, accomplished—keenly alive to all the enjoyments of social intercourse, and cultivated taste,—buckling on the armor of loyalty and truth, leaving all that is attractive and desirable in life, and going forth amidst hardship, toil and suffering, to fight the battles of country and freedom. To fall in such a cause, at such a sacrifice, under the inspiration of such motives, crowns a brief but perfected life with a halo of glory. We cannot but believe that when his eye looked down the vista of the future, and rested upon the rich fruits of the contest passing before him, in the increased stability of national prosperity and happiness under a government redeemed and vindicated; in the growth of all the arts of peace; freedom enjoyed, religion disseminated, happiness diffused, and society advanced to still higher stages of mental and moral development, the sacrifice was trustfully and cheerfully made. And we may now better than ever before, understand the meaning of those heroic words,—

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

With sincere sympathy,

I am, as ever, truly yours,

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

Testimonials.

CAMP 1ST REGIMENT U. S. COLORED TROOPS, }
In the Field, Va., Oct. 12, 1864. }

DR. L. A. SMITH,

SIR:

It is with great sorrow that I have the honor to forward to you a copy of resolutions adopted by the officers of this regiment in relation to your deceased son, Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, whom I shall ever remember as a warm and generous companion, a just and noble man, a brave and efficient soldier.

I am, sir, with great respect, yours,

CLIFFORD F. EAGLE,

Capt. 1st U. S. Colored Troops, Sec'y.

CAMP 1ST REGIMENT U. S. COLORED TROOPS, }
In the Field, Va., Oct. 11, 1864. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, the Adjutant of our Regiment, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of our Brigade: be it resolved by the officers thereof,

1st. That by his death we have suffered a severe loss, the loss of a brave soldier, an efficient officer, a sincere and valued friend, and a true, honest and noble man.

2d. That while we feel the deepest affliction at the loss of our beloved brother, and tender our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sorrow to the family and friends of the deceased, we would call their attention to the fact that he lived the life of a Patriot, died the death of a Soldier on the battle-field, nobly fighting for God and his Country—an honored life, a noble death.

3d. That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the family of the deceased, and to the local papers in their vicinity.

[OFFICIAL]

CLIFFORD F. EAGLE,

Capt. 1st Reg't U. S. Colored Troops, Sec'y.

Proceedings of the Newark Law Club.

LYNDON A. SMITH, M. D.,

DEAR SIR :

Please find enclosed resolutions passed by the Newark Law Club in relation to your son's death.

You have lost a dutiful son, and I have lost an agreeable companion and a sympathizing friend. We passed the few years, previous to his entering the army, in each other's society, and I am happy that I can look back to it with pleasure, since it was so perfectly harmonious and with such good feeling between us during the whole time we were together.

MYRON was a young man of high principles and amiable disposition. He was no superficial student, but a diligent reader and a deep thinker, and showed by his fine preparation of his cases in the Law Club, and the ability with which he argued them, that he would, if he had resumed the practice of law, have risen to a high position in his profession.

MYRON is gone ! But let us remember, that though he has left us, he has received his crown of glory ; that he died as every true soldier would wish to die, on the battle-field and facing the enemy. With sorrow for your loss and mine, I remain,

Yours, most truly,

J. E. TRIPPE, JR.

NEWARK, October 18th, 1864.

At a regular meeting of the Newark Law Club held on the eleventh day of October inst., at the office of Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Esq., the following report of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions in relation to the death of the late Lieutenant MYRON W. SMITH, was unanimously adopted, after remarks made by the members which clearly manifested their sorrow for their loss and high appreciation of the character of the deceased :

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has taken to Himself, at this early day our friend, a member of this Club, Lieutenant MYRON W. SMITH, who was killed while fighting the battles of his country—

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of a valued member and a beloved friend—one of the founders of this Club, who, by his wise counsel, untiring zeal and welcome presence, ever did his utmost to promote its success and usefulness ; and whose many excellent qualities of mind and heart command at once our respect and love.

Resolved, That we give to him the honor so richly due to the noble patriotism of one, who was ready and eager to forego the joys of home and friends, with his brilliant prospects of the future, and offer them all with life itself for the life of his country; and that even in our sorrow we have this consolation, that he met death bravely and happily, as a soldier and a Christian.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his afflicted family and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; that they be spread upon the minutes of the Club and published in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

JOSEPH E. TRIPPE, JR.,	} <i>Committee.</i>
DAVID A. RYERSON,	
FREDERICK F. MERCER,	

ATTEST—HENRY YOUNG, *Clerk*.

OCTOBER 12th, 1864.

Proceedings of the Bar.

From the *Newark Daily Advertiser* of October 11th, 1864.

A meeting of the Bar was held this morning to give expression to their feelings touching the recent death of Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, a member of the profession. Hon. DANIEL HAINES was called to the Chair, and F. F. MERCER, Esq., appointed Secretary. Mr. C. Parker stated the object of the meeting with some eulogistic remarks on the high character and attainments of the deceased, and after some further remarks by C. L. C. Gifford and J. P. Jackson, Jr., who testified to the high promises for intellectual and professional excellence given by the deceased, the following Committee were appointed to prepare resolutions expressing the sentiments of the Bar on the melancholy event:—Messrs. Gifford, Jackson, Parker, Perry and Ranney. The meeting was then adjourned to meet to-morrow noon, at which time a full attendance of the Bar is requested.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser of October 12th, 1864.

At the adjourned meeting of the Bar of Essex County, held at the Court House, relative to the death of Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, the Committee reported the following resolutions, which, after some appropriate remarks by J. E. Trippe, Jr., were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, The melancholy intelligence has been received by us of the death of our late brother, MYRON W. SMITH, Esq., late Acting Assistant Adjutant General in the United States Army, from wounds received by him while engaged in the active discharge of his duties in the suppression of the rebellion, during the present siege near Richmond, therefore,

Resolved, That the Bar of Essex County, of which the deceased was a promising member, have heard with deep sorrow of this mournful calamity, which has deprived us of an associate whom we had confidently hoped to see an ornament of the Bar of this State, an upright and honorable counsellor, and a useful and high-toned citizen. By his death these hopes and expectations are blighted, yet therein we recognize a christian's spirit of self-sacrifice, a patriot's submission to martyrdom for his country, and the testimony of a reflecting and discerning mind to the great importance of the triumph of civil liberty.

Resolved, That while the death of a young man so well disciplined and instructed in sound learning and morality is an inestimable loss to the profession, and to the State, we cannot but be assured from his pure and commendable life, and his noble and honorable death, he has gained the sure and lasting reward reserved for those whose principles and conduct are in conformity with the teachings of religion.

Resolved, That we will ever affectionately cherish the memory of the departed soldier, scholar and Christian, and endeavor to learn from his example, a truer estimate of what is manly and useful and beautiful in life.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to the afflicted father and friends of our departed brother, and that we will pay our final tribute of respect, by attending his remains to the grave.

Obituary Notices.

From the New York Observer.

HOW A SOLDIER DIED.

He was shot through the left lung by a guerilla sharpshooter, after the second victory at Chapin's Farm, September 30th. He had been the bravest of the brave during all the dreadful fight, but had escaped. The battle over, the victory won, and all danger apparently past, the fatal bullet crashed through his body—the messenger of death. He was aided to the transport, and borne to the Chesapeake Hospital at Fortress Monroe. Here his aged father reached him, a few hours before his death, on the morning of October 5th. He was sinking fast, but rallied, and knew the one who held his hand and asked him about his soul. "Is Christ precious to you?" the father inquired. The reply was: "I love the Saviour, and have given myself to him." Shortly afterward he was asked: "Do you know and realize that your wound is mortal, and that death is near?" Without perceptible emotion, and sweetly looking at the inquirer, he replied: "Is it? Does the doctor say so?" "Yes, and your father thinks so." "How long can I live?" "At most but a few hours; it may be less." He calmly remarked: "I thought the wound was mortal, but I did not expect to die so soon. I am so glad you have come. I should not have died happy without seeing you."

Then were spoken the farewell words between father and son. "You have been a very precious son. You never gave me a pang by any misconduct. I had hoped you would close my eyes, and settle my worldly affairs." With a smile almost angelic he replied: "I thank you. I have endeavored to do my duty to you. When I entered a fight, I prayed God to give me courage; and He did it, and enabled me to do my whole duty. I had bright prospects in life; but I gave myself to my country and to Christ my Redeemer, and have no regrets. I die in a glorious cause."

These were the last words of Lient. MYRON W. SMITH, A. A. A. G., 1st Brig., 3d Div., 18th Corps, Army of the Potomac. He was the youngest

son of L. A. SMITH, M. D., Newark, N. J., and grandson of the late Rev. Dr. Griffin. A graduate of Rutgers College, a young lawyer of fine attainments and prospects, with a pleasant home and an enviable social position, he eagerly relinquished all for the vicissitudes of camp and field, and died nobly battling for God and his country.

Thus is another name added to the long list of heroes and martyrs whose lives have been a free-will offering on our country's altar. May their memory never be dishonored, nor their sacrifice rendered of none effect, by concessions to traitors, or by yielding again to the curse of slavery the soil made sacred by the blood of freemen! May the flag that waved over them in life, and shrouded their forms in death, soon be honored and loved throughout our whole land, as the emblem of peace, of righteousness, and of liberty!

R. W.

From the Boston Recorder.

A SHINING MARK.

Many such there have been, during this dread war which is upon us, at whom with unerring precision the fatal bolt has been aimed. To *one* of these let us give a passing notice. Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, aged 26 years, A. A. A. General, of the first brigade, third division, eighteenth army corps, son of Dr. L. A. SMITH, of Newark, N. J., and grandson of the late Rev. Edward D. Griffin, D. D., died at Chesapeake Hospital, Va., of a wound through the chest, by a rebel sharpshooter a few days previous, at Chapin's Farm, near Richmond.

Few young men have left in connexion with the war a brighter record than has Adjutant Smith. In appropriate *Resolutions* his brother officers mourn his loss, as that of "a brave soldier, an efficient officer, a sincere and valued friend, and a true, honest and noble man."

With a more than usually thorough education—both collegiate and professional—he had made a very successful beginning in the practice of law in his native city of Newark, N. J. To his friends, as well as to himself, there seemed a bright future before him. At his country's call, however, in the hour of her peril, he turned aside from his chosen profession, and girded himself for the conflict. To a friend endeavoring to dissuade him from his purpose, he expressed himself in words like these: "To the best of my ability I must aid in maintaining the government which was in part founded by an honored ancestor of mine"—referring to Gov. Samuel Huntington, of Conn., a prominent man in Revolutionary

times, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with whom—through his grand-mother, Griffin—he was connected.* Upon this, and other genealogical connexions, he valued himself—not with a vain but with an honest pride, which, as his friends know—incited him to noble aims, and to an upright, manly course.

He died the death of the patriot and the soldier, nobly battling for his country. But more; his death, to which he had looked forward, and for which prepared, as a probable event, was that of the Christian. To his sorrowing father, who was with him the last few hours of his life, he said, with great calmness, "My prospects were bright for this world, but I gave myself to my country and to Christ, and I have no regrets. I die in a glorious cause." And so in the bloom and beauty of early manhood, but with the serene hope and peace of one resting upon his Saviour, he passed away.

From the New York Daily Tribune.

This accomplished young officer, son of Dr. L. A. SMITH, of Newark, N. J., was shot through the chest by a sharpshooter, after the repulse of the enemy at Chapin's Farm, near Richmond, on Friday, Sept. 30th, and died at Chesapeake Hospital on Wednesday, the 5th instant, in perfect peace, aged 26 years. He was graduated at Rutgers College with the highest honors,—studied law in Newark, and admitted to the Bar of Essex County. Early in the war he offered his services to the Government, and sought an appointment in the Marine Corps. Pending this application, he went several times to the front in hospital ships tending upon the sick and wounded, and afterwards made out the papers for 211 widows and soldiers, applicants for pensions and bounties and back pay, at the office of the Public Aid Committee without fee. When the plan of raising colored troops was first proposed, he was opposed to it; but, after reflection, he determined to help it forward—was examined by the Board, highly complimented, and commissioned 1st Lieutenant and Ad-

* Gov. H. and Rev. Dr. H. married sisters, daughters of Rev. E. Devotion. The Gov. never had any children, but early adopted *as his own* two of his brother Joseph's, who never knew any other home—FANNY, who married Dr. Griffin, and SAMUEL, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of Ohio. Vide "Norwich Jubilee;" "Huntington Family Memoir;" and "The Hyde Genealogy," by Chancellor Walworth. The Devotion's were Huguenots, and descended from the Anglo Saxon and Norman Kings of England. Lieut. Smith was the 30th generation direct, from William the Conqueror. —Hon. R. H. Walworth.

jutant* of the 1st U. S. Colored Troops in June, 1863. He served in various engagements in North Carolina and Virginia, the principal of which were Wilson's Landing; the attacks on the forts near Petersburg, and the capture of the works at Chapin's Farm and the repulse of the enemy at the same place next day. He was buried on Wednesday last from the First Presbyterian Church in his native city. The Essex County Bar, Judge Haines presiding, passed a series of complimentary resolutions, and the whole community mourns his untimely loss.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser of October 7th, 1864.

A telegraphic dispatch was received to-day announcing the death of Lieut. MYRON W. SMITH, Adjutant of the 1st United States Colored Troops, son of Dr. L. A. SMITH, of this city, in Hospital, at Fortress Monroe, on Wednesday afternoon, from wounds in the lungs received in the recent advance of the Army of the James. Lieut. Smith was conscious up to the last, and died with all the comforts of a Christian. The body has been embalmed, and will be brought home by his afflicted father, who went on immediately upon receiving word of his injuries.

Adjutant Smith was about 25 years of age, a graduate of Rutgers College, and was admitted to the Bar of Essex County about three years since. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 4th N. J. Regiment, and recently in the colored regiment serving in North Carolina and Virginia. He was warmly esteemed by a large circle of friends, who will sincerely mourn his early demise.

From the New York Herald.

This promising young officer has died of the wounds received in the battle of Chapin's Farm, September 30th, 1864. At the time of his death he was Acting Assistant Adjutant General of the First Brigade, Third Division, Eighteenth Corps, and had won great distinction in numerous battles.

* He was offered the choice between that and Captaincy in the line, and subsequently could have changed had he desired it.

Extracts

FROM HIS PRIVATE LETTERS.

It is but justice to the deceased to state that when the matter of arming the blacks was first proposed, he was opposed to it. But on mature reflection he changed his opinion and thought it not only proper, but desirable, and immediately wrote to the Secretary of War offering his services, which were accepted, and he was among the earliest of the officers who exhibited sufficient moral courage to enter that unpopular branch of the service.

That he was not mistaken in his opinion that the blacks would make good soldiers, and that he never regretted having entered the service with them is abundantly proved by the following extracts from his letters detailing the various actions in which they were engaged.

His first letter in reference to them is dated Mason's Island, June 20th, 1863. * * "Better troops cannot be found anywhere. You should see our men drill. Every visitor is amazed at the precision of their evolutions. * * July 19th.—Gen'l Casey reviewed our Regiment yesterday. He said it drilled better than any one he had ever seen, considering the time they had been in the service. Aug. 4th. * * Ordered to Plymouth, N. C., for what kind of duty I know not. I think the Regiment will fight well, for they appear to feel their position, and that the eyes of all North and South are upon them, and they are determined to show that they *are fit* to be soldiers. I shall try to do my duty in every position and hope to be successful, and return safely home, "when this cruel war is over," *but if anything happens to me it will be a consolation to know that I died in a good cause.*"

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!" * * *

The boat in which the Regiment sailed from Fort Monroe was unseaworthy, and the officers protested against going in her, but were overruled. The Regiment sailed and were obliged to return in consequence of a storm. Again they sailed, and the boat sprang a leak off Hatteras,

and was put about a second time, and after a night of great peril, all hands being kept at the pumps, she reached the port from which she started. In reference to this he writes Aug. 7th, "We shall apply for transportation on the S. R. Spaulding, and in case they refuse that or some other *good* vessel, we shall refuse going at all; for I am determined not to risk my life uselessly. When I entered the service, I took the risk of being *killed*, and I hope I shall never shrink when duty calls; but I am opposed to being *drowned* through the stupidity or maliciousness of a Quarter Master." A better boat was furnished and they reached Newbern in safety, and he writes from Morehead City, N. C., Sept. 2d.

* * I am learning, by degrees, what "red-tape" means, when used in connection with military affairs. After more than a month's cruise, in which we have gone all around North Carolina, sailing up and down Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, three or four times, forming camp twice and throwing up regular fortifications in a city of the enemy, we find ourselves at this time, on a transport, with orders to report at Fortress Monroe to Gen'l Foster. * * * The orders relieving us from duty at Elizabeth City were entirely unexpected by either Gen'l Peck or Gen'l Wessel, and they at first thought as we did, that we were going to Charleston. * * * We left Elizabeth City just in time to avoid a fight, for 2,000 men of the Confederate forces had left the Blackwater to "wipe out the niggers," and on Sunday afternoon a scout brought in the intelligence that they were close at hand, and would probably attack us that night. We instantly put all our stores on a transport, and drew up the Regiment in line of battle, in the entrenchments. The gunboat drew up behind us and her guns were all run out in expectation of attack. I slept in all my clothes, with sword and pistol on, and my horse saddled at the door. I assure you I felt much more at ease, than I could have expected or *hoped*. * * * Not a single man flinched, and when (the pickets having fired several volleys) the order was given for the men to load and wait the attack, they sprang up and really contended, as to what company should have the privilege of defending the entrance to the Fort.

By the goodness of God no attack was made. * * * Had 2,000 men, veterans from the Blackwater attacked us, 700 men, we should have had a pretty hard time of it." * * * Dec. 1st, from Portsmouth, he writes: "Our men brought in Major B., a guerrilla. He is a noted man; has broken his parole, and will probably swing for it. He is in close confinement, guarded by "nigger soldiers." "Ubi terrarum sumus! Tempora mutantur et in iis mutamur!"* *Colored soldiers guarding a Vir-*

* Where on earth are we? Times are changed, and in them we are changed.

ginian officer in a Virginia jail! and those soldiers officered by a Jersey-man!" Dec. 27th he says: * * "We are now doing guard duty in Portsmouth, and the Provost Marshal says that our soldiers are the nicest he has had yet. I will defy any one to find cleaner men than those I send each day as a guard for the headquarters in town." Jan. 2d, after speaking of the obloquy heaped on the colored troops at first, he says: "Yesterday all the troops under Barnes' command were paraded. Gen'l Butler was present and eight other Generals. *We were the escort to the Generals.* Butler complimented us very highly. Now I am not ashamed to own my Regiment." Jan. 21st, he says: "We have the entire charge of this city now; I mount every morning 175 guards, who watch all the public property, secesh prisoners, &c., &c. The Provost Marshal, the Quarter-Master and Commissary all say that the guards are good."

Early in the season the Regiment was ordered up the James river and was posted at Wilson's Landing. From this place he writes May 25th, 1864. * * "I write to inform you that we have had a fight with Fitz Hugh Lee and whipped him completely. He had 2,000 men picked from his division and came down from Richmond, as our prisoners tell us, to drive us into the river. We had about 1100 men. He charged on our pickets with cavalry, expecting to cut them off and then surprise the camp. But "he reckoned without the host." The pickets fought him for half an hour and emptied a number of saddles. In the meantime, we hearing the firing, formed line of battle in the trenches, and waited for the pickets to come in. As soon as they were in the works we opened on the rebs. They then sent in a flag of truce, demanding an immediate surrender, and promising that we should be treated in such case as prisoners of war; but if we attempted to hold the place he (Lee) would not be answerable for the consequences. He said it would be impossible for us to hold the place as he was determined to take it. Gen'l Wilde answered, "*We will try it.*" While this parley was going on, the rebs were getting into position, and as soon as the flag was carried back, commenced a very lively firing. We also opened with our two 10-pound Parrots, and with the assistance of the guns on the steamer "Dawn" drove the enemy back into the woods. The enemy then began flank movements on both sides of us, so as to rake our line or works. It therefore became necessary to have a gunboat in the river shift her position so as to rake the rebs. Gen. Wilde sent me off in a small boat with the message, and as the river bank was lined with sharp-shooters, I had a very *hot* sail. Balls whistled by my head, and struck the water all

around, but Providentially no one hit me. * * * * A feint was made on one flank and an attack on the other. They came with a yell, but our boys gave a louder yell, (which must have been *heard* to be appreciated,) and poured so much lead among them, that they broke and ran like sheep, leaving a number of dead and wounded on the field. They have gone to Bottom's Bridge, minus some 250 to 300 men. We lost in our Regiment 2 men killed, 1 officer and 14 men wounded, and 1 missing. * * * *That black men will fight is an established fact.* * * * The men were sorry that Lee got tired of the attack so soon, as they wanted to kill a few more of them."

Under date of June 10th, 1864, he writes: * * "I have great cause for thankfulness that I escaped death or wounds in our fight. But for the particulars. On Wednesday, at dark, our Regiment left camp marched out about 3 miles, and bivouacked for the night. As we were in the face of the enemy, of course we could not sleep much. At daylight yesterday we were joined by Kautz's cavalry, a part of the 10th army corps under Gen'l Gilmore, and 2 regiments of colored troops. Col. Holman commanded the colored troops, (a squadron of cavalry and battery of artillery,) and I was A. A. General. We were then ordered to attack the works in front of Petersburg, while Gilmore attacked them on the flank. Kautz went off on the right of Petersburg for some purpose unknown, probably to tear up the railroads. Accordingly we started off our cavalry, skirmishing with the rebels, until we entered the woods near their fortifications. Here the cavalry were stopped by a hot fire of sharp-shooters, and our Regiment was deployed through the woods as skirmishers. When we got through the woods we were in full view of the rebel works, 700 yards off. They immediately opened on us with grape and canister, and as they had the exact range it was *mighty hot*. While I was giving Col. Ames of the 6th U. S. C. T. an order, a charge of grape threw the dirt all over us, and at the same time a shell burst, blowing his horse all to pieces. * * * The works were entirely too strong for us to take by assault, so we were ordered by Gen'l Gilmore to fall back out of range, and wait for him to take them by a flank attack. He tried it but could not drive the enemy out of their *rifle pits*, much less their *works*. So we all hauled off and came home. I think, however, the whole movement was made to divert the enemy while Kautz did his work with the railroad." * * * *

This proved to be the fact, and a few days after, another attack was made, which was entirely successful. Of this he writes as follows, under date of the 17th of June. * * "We left camp at midnight of the 14th,

Col. Holman commanding, and I acting as Assistant Adjutant General. At daylight we joined the 18th army corps under Gen'l Smith, and marched toward Petersburg. Our division went up the Jordan Point road, while the rest went to the right. We soon struck the rebels, who had strong rifle pits on a little hill, with a battery in position. They opened on us with much execution, killing and wounding many. The division was formed in two lines of battle and charged right over their works, capturing one gun. *Success the first!* Our Brigade was in the second line and did not suffer as much as the 2d Brigade under Col. Duncan. We immediately advanced and occupied the same position as on our former visit to Petersburg a few days before. We were then in the first line. This was about 9 A. M., and we were under fire till about 5 P. M., when we charged the works, and captured all that were in our front. *Success the second!* The fire all day was awful. The enemy had a perfect range, and threw their shell, grape and canister right in our skirmish line and in the ranks. Almost every shot killed or wounded some one, *yet there was not the least disposition shown by any of the men to get away. Their only anxiety was for an order to charge.* * * * To show how accurate their range was, I will give an example. Two batteries were brought into the field in the rear of our line. When they got in position, I was near one of them, Capt. Choate's, talking with him, when a shell burst over our heads, cutting off the top of a tree which fell on us and levelled us to the ground. I was not hurt much, being only a little stunned. A second shell soon convinced us that that was not a safe place to stand. We lost 10 officers and 146 men. * * *

I went through the Hospital here (City Point) as soon as I arrived from the front. The sight of *them* destroys all the romance of war. I saw every one of our wounded men, and they seemed pleased that I called on them. Two of our officers are, I fear, mortally wounded." * *

"June 18th. I have just come in from the front. * * I did not know it was Sunday till I calculated by the date; for I have been driven about all day, and at 4 o'clock was sent in to order the camp broken up, having been ordered to the Point of Rocks. * * Last night I went all along the lines at Petersburg; skirmishing was going on very briskly, and numbers were being brought to the rear wounded. * * Gen'l ——— told me yesterday we had probably lost 10,000 men before Petersburg! * * *

Every house here is filled, and long trains of ambulances stand around, as there is no place for the wounded to be put. Two thousand have been sent down the river to-day. * * *Colored troops are above par.* Gen'l Smith has issued an address to his corps praising the *colored*

fellows." * * * June 23d. * * "We lay all day yesterday at the extreme front, and at dark were sent down the river Appomattox to shell some rebel batteries on the other side, and also to throw occasional shells into Petersburg. These, as I write, are "ploughing" through the air, and we can see them burst in the rebel works, and throw up lots of dust." June 25th. * * "An assault was ordered at 7 o'clock last night, and one Regiment from our Brigade was to take a part in it as reserve. Our Regiment was chosen, and so I went out to see it. However, just as the assault was to be made, Gen'l Smith went on the field and having surveyed the position, countermanded the order." * * July 1st. * * "The rebs have a good many guns on their side of the river, and we have lively artillery duels. In the rear of our quarters is a 30-lb. battery, on our right a 10-lb. battery, and on our left a 20-lb. battery. They, of course, draw the enemy's fire, and as our house is in easy range and in direct line of fire, we have plenty of shells "flying around loose." * * * By the way, the account of our fight of the 15th in the *Tribune*, is utterly untrue. All the credit is given to Col. Duncan's Brigade, while in truth and in fact the works in *our* front were all taken by *our* skirmish line, consisting of the 1st U. S. colored troops; our Brigade was in front, while Duncan's was held in reserve." * * * "In the field, July 31st. * * I have just come in from Gen'l Burnside's line, where we had a great fight yesterday. We (Division Staff) left headquarters at dark on the 29th inst. and were all night long riding around making preparations for an assault to be made at daylight. A mine was to be sprung under a rebel battery and an assault made by the 9th corps and a part of ours (under our Division commander.) * * * By some accident to the fuse, the mine did not explode till after 5 o'clock. It was the most *grand* sight I ever witnessed. The whole earth shook as if with earthquake, and the rebel battery was thrown fifty feet in the air—men, guns, logs, &c., &c. Many were buried in the mass. * * * Instantly our whole artillery opened, and the assault was made by Ferrero's colored troops, and 3 Brigades of white troops. They charged splendidly and went right over the first line of rebel works, but lost very heavily, as the rebs had an enfilading fire on them, which mowed them down. The ground was covered with dead and wounded men. These troops went right on toward the second rebel line, but had become so much weakened, that they were repulsed and fell back to the first line again. Some white troops (N. Y. vols.) which were filing through our pits on their way to the front, saw them running and raised the cry "the rebels are coming, we are all cut up," and made for the rear. We had a

regular *panic*, and I never want to *see* another. The biggest cowards, as they ran, were cursing the *black troops* for being repulsed, and when we showed them that the blacks and whites that had made the assault, still held the first line they had taken, they refused to stop, and were only kept on the field by the bayonets of other soldiers. Thus we lost the fruit of all the labor and blood spent. Gen'l B. said we should take supper in Petersburg, and we should, had the assaulting party been *decently* reinforced. You will see by the papers who suffered, and by that judge who did the work. * * * Our Division only lost about 100 men, as we were holding our old works (which the assaulting column had left) in case of accidents. * * * The trouble was, that the reserves, instead of being massed, where they could follow on after the "forlorn hope," were half a mile in the rear, and had to file through pits and a narrow dug way to reach the front." * * * *

The Adjutant had been acting for a considerable time as Aid-de-camp and Judge Advocate on the staff of Gen'l Carr. But when Gen'l Paine took command of the Division, Col. Holman was placed in command of the 1st Brigade and required his services as Assistant Adjutant General, in which position he remained till the last. His Brigade was ordered on the 1st of September down the river to Harrison's Landing to throw up entrenchments.

Sept. 3d he writes: * * "If we stay here I fear we shall not have much chance to gain *glory*, but we shall be doing *something*, I hope, to put an end to this war." * * Sept. 24th he wrote his last letter, as four days afterwards he was ordered to advance on Richmond, and had an opportunity to gain *glory* at the cost of his life. * * "This is my *birth-day* and therefore I must write you, although it is quite late and I am tired, having just returned from "Flower de Hundred," where I went with a party by order of Gen'l Grant, to "clean out" some secesh people. * * * The Lieut. General is determined to make the rebs go to their friends down South. * * * The old men about here (there are no *young* ones) have acted as recruiting agents for the rebel army, compelling every one to enlist. Oh! if the *old people* at the North would *work* half so hard as they do, South, we would have men enough to *eat* the whole of Lee's army. * * * This morning we had another 100 (shotted) gun salute over Sheridan's new victory. These salutes are becoming quite common, but we hope to have a "few more." * * * It looks now as if the war will be soon over. * * * This morning Col. Holman (commanding) forwarded to the War Department a recom-

mendation for my promotion. * * * With much love to all, and hoping that e'er my next birthday comes, the war may be closed, and I at home, I remain as ever your most affectionate son."

For an account of the last fights of the 29th and 30th of September, the reader is referred to Col. Holman's letter.

The character of the deceased as a Christian, a Soldier, a Lawyer and a Man, is delineated in the foregoing pages of this Tribute, but full justice would not be done to his memory without alluding to his home life, where he shone conspicuously.

We shall be pardoned for making a few extracts from private letters received by his family since his decease to show how he was appreciated :

"Oct. 22d, 1864. * * You may well imagine I was shocked at the unexpected news of MYRON's death! I have often thought of him in reading about the battles in Virginia. I always looked anxiously through the list of killed and wounded in the 18th Army Corps, and have experienced a feeling of relief at not seeing his name among them. But alas! he was not always to escape so fortunately, and this cruel war has brought sorrow into another family. * * * *

"His whole course through life, marked as it always was, by such high principles, and such freedom from any of the vices so common among young men, has commanded my respect and esteem. I do not believe he ever in his life committed an action which might cause either himself or his friends shame. He was indeed an uncommon young man, and we cannot but feel his was too valuable a life to be thus lost. * * It was fitting that the end of such a life as his should be 'perfect peace.'"

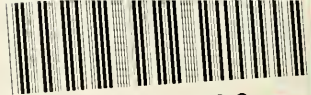
Another writes, Oct. 29th, 1864. * * "The habits of the service make us all, in a measure, indifferent to the loss of companions and friends, but this cruel event breaks through all callousness. Often when on the field of battle, or the dangerous bivouack, and at all times I have looked back at the endearing memory of my intercourse with your brother, and to the pleasant hopes that the future would bring us together again in the mutual enjoyment of peaceful life. But no! He has gone, and I shall never again greet in friendship on earth the friend of my early and happy days. You know he was the only friend I had. No other man can ever go so deeply into my heart. To think, that I shall never again meet that genial face and pleasant smile, that the walks and talks and all our mutual pleasures are gone forever." * *

Nov. 1st, 1864, another writes: * * * "I know so well what MYRON was to you all, and there was so much in him that was pure and noble, as a little fellow when I knew him, that his memory is peculiarly sweet and interesting to me."

Few young men who have enjoyed the advantages of a public education have spent so few hours from home as did the subject of this sketch. His preparatory studies and his College life were passed under the parental roof; and, until he entered the army, but a very short season at any one time had ever been spent from home. He was only 13 years old when his mother died. But she had lived long enough to impress upon his character her love of order, systematic action, conscientiousness, propriety, and dignity of manner, and these shaped all his future life. He early adopted rules of action, wrote them out and pasted them on the door of his book case, and it is believed followed them so long as he remained at home.

He had a fine musical taste and cultivated it in a high degree. How skilfully he performed on the organ, will be remembered by one of our city congregations where for a considerable time he volunteered his services, during the early period of its formation. His own family can never forget the chants and sacred songs he was accustomed to play and sing with so rich a voice, during the twilight hours of almost every day, and especially on the Sabbath. His reading was varied, but very select, and confined chiefly to History and Belles Lettres. He was accustomed to take notes, and make extended comments on the works of the various authors. He kept up the reading of the Greek and Latin Classics till he entered the army. His Greek Testament still remains in his pew in the church, and the last Sabbath he attended there in February, he followed the Pastor as he read a portion of Scripture selected from the Epistles.

In view of such a life well might his father say to him, as he did in his dying hour, "You have been a very precious son to me, you have never caused me a pang by any mis-conduct;" and well might he say in reply with a heavenly smile, "I thank you; I have endeavored to do my duty to you." Precious youth! you have done your whole duty to your family, to your country, and as near as possible to your God, and have gone to your reward.



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